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THE business of our House is the same, in all respects, as that of an Incorporate Bank.—Checks and Drafts upon us pass through the Clearing House.  
Corporations, Firms, and Individuals keeping Bank Accounts with us, either in Currency or Gold, will be allowed Five Per Cent. Interest per annum, on all daily balances, and can check at sight without notice. Interest credited and Account Current rendered Monthly.  
We are prepared at all times to make advances to our Dealers on approved Collaterals, at market rate.  
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Known as "RAILROAD" Colors. Guaranteed to be more economical, more durable and more convenient than any Paint ever before offered. A book entitled "Plain Talk with Practical Painters," with samples, sent free by mail on application.  
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All the latest styles and most improved

**Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,**  
TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!  
Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock.

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Of every description, out of the best material.

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Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.  
REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH.

**NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!**

After the 12th day of August of this year, (1879) suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of Dauphin County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.  
For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address  
S. H. GALBRAITH,  
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor,  
Bloomfield, March 8, 1879.—17 1/2m

**THE WORLD'S WONDER!**  
**Equalizing Oil!**

THIS Oil for Rheumatism in all its forms, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds of all descriptions, Cramp, etc., etc., etc., IS UNEQUALLED by any now offered to the public. It is for sale at 50 cents per bottle, by  
NORTH E. BOLINGER,  
Millertown,  
Perry county, Pa.  
AND  
F. MORTIMER & CO.,  
New Bloomfield, Pa.  
Relief given almost instantly, and permanent cures effected. 4 1/2m

**A Good Hog Story.**

FROM Donn Piatt's curious article "About Hogs," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for April, we take the following original hog story:

I once witnessed a fight between a pony and a boar, in which both sides exhibited a good deal of that natural art of war to which Mr. Corwin referred as blessing the many militia colonels of Congress. I had ridden home one afternoon upon my little sturdy Tough Dick, and, turning him loose in the stable lot, poured upon the ground a quantity of corn to serve him as dinner. Upon this, a huge boar, nearly as large and quite as heavy as the pony, trotted up, unbidden, to take part in the repast. Tough Dick, not liking the company nor the loss of his provender, bit the hog, who, in return threw up his tusk, catching the pony's nostril upon the point, inflicting an ugly little wound. Quick as thought almost, the pony wheeled and planted his two ironed heels upon the boar's side. The blow sounded like that of a flail, rolling the hog over. Nothing daunted he regained his legs and again made at the little horse. The plucky creature was ready for him, and sent the hog rolling. This second charge seemed to give the boar a realizing sense of the inequality of such a contest. Regaining his feet again, he trotted some paces away and stood contemplating his foe from under his long ears, grunting and snapping his jaws in wrath and disgust. Tough Dick, with his ears drawn back, eyed his antagonist as if expecting a renewal of the conflict. After some seconds the boar began walking in a circle about the pony. He kept beyond the reach of his heels, and would at times walk and at times trot; and all the while Tough Dick kept his eyes on and his heels toward the foe. This continued for some time, and might have ended in the hog's retreat, but the pony was hungry and aggravated at the interruption of his meal in an unhappy moment he attempted to take a mouthful of corn. The boar, seizing the advantage, rushed in. Escaping the heel, he charged in under the belly of the pony, and would have inflicted an ugly wound with his tusks but the force of his attack carried him beyond the point of danger and before he could escape the wicked pony had him by the ear precisely as a dog would have caught him. The boar squealed dismally and began turning so as to bring his tusks under the throat or jaw of the enemy. Slowly but steadily he swung around suffering intense torture in the twisting given his unhappy ear. Finding the boar likely to gain his point, the pony suddenly released the ear. The two had been pulling with their entire weight against each other, and the unexpected release staggered the hog, and ere he could recover a well directed kick rolled him over. I thought him killed; but he slowly recovered, and, raising to his feet staggered away, pausing at times to shake his ugly head, as if wondering how it all came about.

A servant girl who was sent a day or two ago to a druggist in New York with a request that he would give her some castor-oil, "disguised as much as possible," was asked by the druggist if she liked soda water, and replied in the affirmative. The druggist thereupon gave her a glass strongly flavored with lemon, with much oil cast upon the troubled water. Noticing that she lingered after receiving this, the druggist inquired the cause, and was told that she was waiting for the oil. Oh, replied the man of drugs complacently, "you have taken that." The startled woman gazed at him in dismay a moment and then exclaimed "Oh, murder, I wanted it for a man who is very sick."

Thousands of ladies suffer untold miseries from Female Weakness, weak back, and other disordered conditions of their peculiar systems, of which there is no remedy so pleasant, positively sure and reliable as Dr. Pierce's Alternative Extract, or Golden Medical Discovery. Sold by druggists, or enclose three dollars and twenty-five cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce Buffalo, N. Y., and get three bottles delivered free.

DEACON DAY.—There was a deacon of a church of the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys who were playing in front of his house, and he went out to check the Sabbath profanation. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them "Boys, do you remember what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper."

**The Dutch Umbrella Mender—He Tells his Experience!**

I.M in de umbrella business now, und I sell also second-hanted ones too, und I'm maken bretty good out. De vay I comes in mit dis kind of piziness was, dat I know dat dare ish plenty of vet vedder lay out, und dat every family vot ish der own'er over a gouble of umprellas shenerally have doo or three of dem proke; so dar I see mine chances for to maken monish mit, und I startzen mit dat dings at once directly.

I get a olt pair of seizzers and a binchers for mine tools, and dthree cents worth, of cop per vire und some olt valepones, und a leedle plack dhread, und a von-eyed needle, und dar the whole piziness ish. Den I take mine olt broken piue umbrella unter mine arm for a sign, und I startzen out to :aw how it goes. De fured tay I don't like dat dings much, so I keep away out where hardly no houses vas, on account dat I don't likes no beoples to saw me in d dat umprella piziness; und every dime ven I sing out, 'Umprellas to mend,' I vas awf ul afraid somepody vill hear me. I'm proke inter de piziness now, unt I holler out und don't care for somepody. I ish lear ned all der robes of der dhrade. Ven I get's a nice umprella to mend now, I tells de lady I vill maken a nice shob outer it, und vill dook mine dime over it, dat she might ash vell go iner house, ash I vill call her out ven I get done. Den I sitzen down on ter stheps und pegins mit mine work. Und ven dat umprella own'er lady goes in der house, I back und I sneak away outer dat neighborhood, und sells de article for vot it vill fetch. Dat ish de vay our sthock vas kept ub. Some foolish beoples would call dat dings a sthealen; but dis chap don't call it dat. Ve calls it a smart idea.

I vas by Camden yesterday mit mine new piziness, und I raise a splendid silk umprella from a young Frenchman.—He gives it mit me to mend, und ven he turns his pack away, I followed his example, und got away ash quick ash I can; und the article ish now ub vor sale. Ven you knc w somepody vot ish in vont of a nice silk umprella so near ash good ash new, you know where to send him. Ven you send a gustomer, I makes a pargain mit you to mend all your olt umprellas, und I don't gharages you some dings; so dat's fair. If dat Frenchman py Dhird und Bin e straus catches me mit dat umprella, I dinks he vill dhry und walk me Spanish. I vill geep a good look out.  
Yours, mit a umprella to mend,  
CHRISTOPHER SUGEN, U. D.

**Breaking it Easy.**

When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgin's wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language and not to break the news to her at once—but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said:  
"Does the widdler Bagley live here?"  
"The widdler Bagley? No sir."  
"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?"  
"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."  
"I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the judge in?"  
"No, not at present."  
"I jest expected as much. Because you know—take hold o' suthin, mum, for I'm agoin to make a little communication and reckon maybe it'll jar you some.—There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old judge curled up out here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself, that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him."

A lady at Gloucester, Mass., a day or two since invited a number of friends to her house to tea. During the meal the guests found the cup that cheers but not inebriates so bitter as to be unfit for use. The next day the lady of the house discovered, to her mortification, that she had sweetened the tea with epsom salts, a quantity of that useful but unpalatable article having been placed on the same shelf with some granulated sugar.

Why do our corns ache just previous to rain? Because our feet swell from the sudden depression in the density of air, and the hard corn, not being elastic is painfully stretched and pressed.

**A Good Story.**

Once upon a time there lived among the hills of an adjoining country an old gentleman, whose entire personal and real estate consisted of a wife, a well ventilated log cabin, half an acre of not very productive land, and a violent fondness for what is sometimes called "tangled" whiskey. One spring morning the owner of all this property was struck with conviction that his land must be plowed. But he had no horse, and found it impossible to borrow one. Nevertheless the ground must be broken up, horse or no horse, and it was finally determined that the "old woman" should hitch up the old man, and hold the handle and drive, while he drew the plow. This was accordingly done, and the plow went bravely on, until the plowshare ran under a root and the team was brought to a dead halt. But the "critter" had become warmed up by this time, land as the old lady gave him a rap with the reins and cried "git up there!" he threw his weight upon the harness with a heavy jerk, which snapped the traces off short, and he shot forward against the fence, his head striking the end of a rail with the force of a mule. "Thunderation old woman!" he exclaimed, as he wiped the blood and dirt from his eyes, "why didn't you say w-h-o-a?"

**Too old and Lame.**

The Rev. E. L.—I had an old parishioner and communicant whom he had been visiting during a short illness. At last the medical attendant called and informed Mr. L.—t hat the old man was dying; whereupon he immediately went to administer the sacrament; after which he told the old man's wife that her husband would not live long, and if there was anything she wished to say to him she had better do it while he was able to understand her. She immediately went to his bedside and said:  
"John, Mr. L.—t says you are going to die. I wish, when you get to Heaven you'd look out for my first husband, and tell him I've been doin' pretty well sin' he left me, an' I often wish I might see him again."

The old man turned his eyes upon his wife. With deprecating expression, and raising himself a little, he replied:  
"Lord help thee, Mary, how doest thee think that, owd and la'am as I be I can go rouning all over Heaven to find thy first husband!"

**Old Caesar and the Angel.**

There used to be a pious old negro in Boston named Caesar, and he was in the habit of praying so loudly as to be heard by many of the neighbors. On retiring for the night his petition invariably was:  
"Lord send dy angel for ole Caesar, ole Caesar always ready." One evening two of his neighbors, good men but sometimes bored by his "style," thought they would try him on. They took position at his door and when the usual petition was made that the "Lord would send the angel, ole Caesar being always ready," they knocked loudly at the door.  
"Who dar?" said the old darkey.  
"The angel of the Lord, come for old Caesar," was the reply.  
Out went the light, a scrambling into bed was heard, and then, in trembling voice, that same old uncle said: "Go way dar! go way! Ole Caesar been dead dis ten years."

**A Happy Boy.**

"I say, boy, why do you whistle so gaily?"  
"Because I'm so happy, mister."  
"What makes you so happy?"  
"Cause I've got a new shirt; look a-here;—ain't it nice?"  
"It don't look very new. What is it made of?"  
"Why, 'tis new, 'cause mam made it yesterday out of dad's old 'un?"  
"And what was dad's old 'un made of?"  
"Why, one of granny's old sheets, what her mam give her."

A young lady of eighteen was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh dear, mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age." "That's very true; but he's only thirty-six." "He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—" "Well?" "Oh dear! why then he'll be a hundred and twenty!"

A careful analysis by the chemist of the Board of Health of New York, of thirty samples of cosmetics used by the women for "beautifying" their complexions, revealed the fact that their principal ingredients were lead and bismuth. Five specimens of "lilly white" turned out to be nothing but marble dust.

**SUNDAY READING.**

**Have you pulled up the Anchor?**

We have heard a story of two drunken sailors who had to cross a Scotch frith at night. They leaped into the boat, and pulled away at the oars with all their might; they pulled and pulled, and wondered they did not reach the shore. In their maudlin state they thought the tide was set against them, and so, in a wild fashion, they took speils of pulling, but no shore did they reach. Great was their astonishment; for the frith was narrow, and a quarter of an hour should have seen them at the opposite beach. "Surely," they said, "the boat is bewitched, or we." The night wore on, and the morning light explained the mystery to their sober eyes. "Why, Sandy, mon, we never pulled up the anchor!" Just so; and thus, tug as they might, they labored in vain.

Many and many a sinner has been in like case. He has tried to believe, always a strange thing to do, but all his trying has come to nothing; peace has been as far off as ever. The means of grace have been unavailing, prayer has brought no answer of joy, the man has been ready to despair, and blamed fate and the devil, and a thousand other things. Meanwhile the real cause of the soul's long delay has been unnoticed; the heart has never really loosed its hold of its self-righteous hopes—never fairly pulled up the anchor and trusted itself to Jesus. Reader, how is it with you? Have you heaved the anchor? Have you done with self? If not, all your efforts are idle, all your prayers and tears are fruitless, and you see clearly that they must be so. Man up with the anchor! Let go every trust but Jesus', and you will soon be at the desired haven.

**Not in Human Nature.**

An estimable lady, a personal and beloved friend of mine, said to me, when urged to forgive injuries, "it is not in human nature to forgive injuries as goading as these." You are right, my friend, I replied it is not in human nature; but it is in the grace of Christ. He has charged us:—"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of our Father which is in heaven." The lady had a long struggle with herself, but though the grace of Christ overcame. She forgave from the heart, and was a happier woman, and a more exemplary Christian ever after. These are high Christian virtues. They are not imaginary, nor are they beyond Christian attainment.

The old city of Troy had but one gate. Go round and round the city, and you could find no other. If you wanted to get in, there was but one way, and no other. So to the strong and beautiful city of Heaven there is one gate and no other. Do you know what it is? Christ says, "I am the Door."

He that cannot be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

The dearest word in our language is Love. The greatest word is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make the greatest and sweetest duty of man.

Faith is the key that unlocks the cabinet of Heaven's treasures, the King's messenger from the celestial world, to bring all the supplies we need out of the fullness that there is in Christ.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man.

Vice does not pay; the sin is less sweet than we fancied, and it costs more than we bargained for.

No cloud can overshadow a Christian but the eye of his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

There are more victims to errors committed by society itself than society supposes.

Every thing we add to our knowledge adds to our means of usefulness.